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Examining Relics at Washington's Headquarters.

Among the Highlands of the Hudson and at the Metropolis of America.

Down the Historic Hudson—West Point—The Hudson and the Columbia—New York City—Coney Island and Its Attractions.

When I wrote of my pilgrimage to Washington's old headquarters at Newburgh I promised to write again of the relics there gathered together. The collection embraces many articles of great historical interest, among them are the articles comprised in a collection of relics left as a bequest by the late Enoch Carter, of Newburgh, a few of which I will mention as especially interesting.

One of these is a cannon ball that was fired through a house near Poughkeepsie, by a British ship bound up the Hudson to burn Kingston in 1777. There is a cannon rammer taken with Burgoyne's army at Saratoga; a cannon ball picked up on the field at White Plains, after the fight; swords that tasted blood at Stony Point; a sword of one of Lee's Virginia Grenadiers, inscribed "Victory or Death"; muskets with various histories; a bayonet that was broken off in a wall at Stony Point after having been thrust through a British soldier; canteens; drinking horns; tomahawks and various other things such as the antiquarian and student of history will find highly interesting. The Carter collection also contains a powder-horn used by a Lieut. Grant, of the first Royal Highland Regiment, who was killed at Saratoga in 1777, and was purchased from an Indian after the battle. Not less interesting is the "cheveaux-de-frise" placed in the Hudson to prevent the passage of British ships in the same year, and the silver spur of the brave, but ill-fated Major Andre, which was contributed by the Van Wert family, descendants of one of his three captors; but more interesting still are locks of Lafayette's and

Washington's hair, and fragments of Washington's first coffin. Less suggestive of pandering to the proverbial morbid curiosity of Americans is the piano formerly owned by General Clinton. It was made in London, long before the revolution and is exceedingly primitive in appearance. It has for companions a sofa, probably quite as ancient. There are letters written by Washington, Hamilton, Burr, Lafayette, Lord Sterling, Baron Steuben, John Hancock, Clinton and others less distinguished, besides documents and papers of various kinds, from pay-rolls of various companies, to Montgomery orders at Quebec in 1775.

THE ELLISON PAPERS were contributed by Thos. Ellison, Jr. They refer principally to an elder Thos. Ellison, one of the early settlers, and a militia colonel at the outbreak of the revolution. He was retired by the reorganization of the militia in 1775. Prior to 1773 he was Deputy Chief Ranger for Ulster county, his duties giving him police authority over horses, cattle, etc., running at large in "the Queen's woods,"—uninclosed lands of the county. The papers embrace his commissions, an account of the expedition for the relief of Ft. William Henry, official circulars and letters from Gov. Tryon, and other documents.

The important letters preserved at the old headquarters will alone furnish material for a long letter, and I forego further mention now.

There is a portrait of Uzal Knapp, the last survivor of Washington's Life Guard, who served from June, 1777, till discharged as a sergeant in 1783. He was at the battle of White Plains, Ridgefield, Barren Hill and Monmouth, and passed through the horrors of Valley Forge. After his discharge he resided in New Windsor, where he died at the advanced age of ninety-four years, honored by all. His remains lie buried beneath a monument near the flag staff of the Headquarters.

LAFAYETTE'S SWORD may also be seen. Regarding its presence here the following story is told:

At a social meeting of officers, assembled to exchange congratulations on the fall of Yorktown it was proposed as a special memorial of the event that they should exchange swords. This was agreed to, and in the exchange the sword of Lafayette passed to a Col. Barber, whose niece presented it to the collection.

There are a number of other historic blades, the most interesting of which is the sabre worn by Aaron Burr, when a colonel in the Revolutionary army.

But I can't tell of near all these things in this letter. I will give the relics in the old Headquarters another chance later on.

At last I journey down the Hudson through its famous Highlands. The sun was just rising upon a beautiful midsummer day, and its earliest beams had scarcely gilded the tranquil bosom of the river when I boarded a West Shore train at Newburgh, bound for the metropolis. I would have preferred taking a steamer, but none would have landed me in New York by the time I wanted to be there, so I was obliged to

be satisfied with the railway. It is a strange coincidence, but I have always regarded steamboats—as has "Knight of the Grip"—highly preferable to railway coaches for—well, anybody. Steamboating is the most pleasant way to travel I have yet tried.

Well, the train pulled out of Newburgh and skimmed along the placid waters of the old Hudson, now crossing a little bay on trestles, and anon speeding its way under overhanging rocks and umbrageous forest monarchs, through cuts and over embankments; occasionally darting away from the river and losing sight of it, soon to return again with a hoarse snort of satisfaction, every fresh turn bringing the worshiper of nature new sights, each seeming prettier and more picturesque than the last. All the way down the Hudson is one big summer resort. All along its shores are "moored" pleasure boats, and every station has finger boards pointing in various diverging directions toward this "hotel" or "cottage" or farm, and informing the seeker of rural solitudes the distance he must traverse up the mountain side to reach the haven after which he sighs.

Upon the opposite shore may be seen the spires and roofs of the many picturesque villages with which the banks of the Hudson are lined, though the trees that have so sensibly been allowed to remain thick all through this section, sometimes almost completely hide a hamlet. More grand, but not more beautiful, are the big summer mansions of the wealthy, which may be seen plentifully farther up the mountain sides, like the ancient castles "on the beautiful Rhine." I am crazy enough to shut my eyes amid such surroundings and see the sunny hills, ancient chateaus and vine-clad cottages that border the great river of Deutschland. By and by we pass

WEST POINT. With its barracks out of sight upon the top of the bluff, but with its cannon (as in "the days of '76") frowning over the parapets at the Hudson, and threatening the invader of the Highlands. As for "the Highlands" they are indeed beautiful, but no one who has been along the mighty rock bound fissure through which the Columbia dashes itself toward the billows of the Pacific, will ever say that the scenery of the Hudson is superior to any other in America. The relative beauties of the scenery of the two rivers I have often heard discussed, but never having seen that of the Hudson before, I always held my peace. Now that I have seen both, I must say there can scarcely be a comparison between the two. I don't believe it possible for any scenery in the world to surpass that of the Columbia. It was grander than anything I had imagined. The Hudson's beauty is the beauty of quaintness; the Columbia's is the beauty of grandeur. The Hudson suggests Rip Van Winkle and Nick Vedder and old Dutch pioneer legends. The Columbia where placid, suggests fairyland, and where rough and rapid suggests even regions plutonic.

But I am not objecting to the Hudson. Indeed it is beautiful and I would be content to linger many a day along its pretty shores. A little more than half way down from Newburgh to New York we crossed the New Jersey line. I have been trying my doggondest ever since to take up a new joke about the Jersey mosquito or the failure of the peach-crop, but feel compelled to give up in despair. We passed through lots of villages, the Indian nomenclature of which precludes the possibility of my remembering what they were, and reached the 42d street ferry about 8 o'clock. In a few minutes I was treading (no, I forgot; I took a street car) through the streets of the Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere.

NEW YORK CITY. Is full of sights interesting enough to a Western greenhorn like me, and considering the limited time at my disposal I think I saw about as many of them as the next man. A visit to The Battery and Castle Garden, an evening at Koster & Bial's Garden, a steamboat trip out past the Statue of Liberty, a day among the sights at Coney Island, an exploring expedition all over Brooklyn, and various other similar items went far toward filling out my stay there; and yet I left with a terribly regretful feeling that I couldn't stay a year or so, and take in everything in the calendar. At nine o'clock one morning I took one of the big iron steamboats that ply between the city and

CONEY ISLAND. For a visit to that celebrated pleasure resort. Coney Island is a sort of modern continued Donnybrook Fair. If there has ever been an invention made to take times and nickels from the pockets of pleasure-seekers that is not in operation at Coney Island, I have failed to find out what it is. There are "merry-go-round" and "ocillators" and high towers and the seductive clam chowder. I had always supposed there was nothing on earth that was as good to eat as the oyster, but henceforth the little-neck clam must displace the oyster in my affections.

The high tower is a big iron framework 325 feet high, with an elevator to take you to the top for fifteen cents. If you're nervous don't go up. You'll be sure to feel like the thing is going to bust or fall over. But if you do go to the top without the cable breaking the view will amply repay you. It is said

to admit of a view of fifty miles, and spy-glasses may be rented at a reasonable figure. "The Elephant" is a great big house built like an elephant, and from the deck of the steamer, miles out upon the water, it looks as natural as life. It costs ten cents to get to the top of the elephant. Then there are dime museums and shooting galleries, and bath houses and—everything else you can think of.

After I had wandered around till weary here, watching the bathers and blowing in my hard-earned wealth for clams, etc., I took the elevated road for Brighton, which is about half a mile farther down (or up) the beach, to hear Signor Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band. I was too early for the concert, so another quarter was squandered for a bathing suit, and I basked in the sun for about two hours with infinite satisfaction. I think that I could get over the habit of dodging the "white-caps" at the wrong time, after a couple of years practice. It wasn't so very unpleasant except once when I was standing by a pileing, when a breaker took me unawares. When I became conscious I hurried to another part of the beach, lest the owner of the building resting upon the pile might want damages for injury to his property. I am sure I must have loosened it, if I didn't break it.

At half past three Signor Cappa occupied his stand in the band shell, and with the fall of his baton there burst forth a spirited march. The numbers that followed were all beautiful, Knolls' cornet solos being one of the hits of the program. Cappa's is but little behind Gilmore's as a military band.

I returned to New York via Brooklyn and the big SUSPENSION BRIDGE. As I was crossing over that wonder of engineering perfection I had a notion to emulate the ill-starred Odium, and jump into the water below, but taking a second thought I concluded to wait a little. And just my luck! Only a week later Steve Brodie did it—and now he's drawing \$100 per week in the museums. Somehow or other my judgment is bad. I always postpone what I should do at once, and vice versa. One of New York's peculiar institutions, found nowhere else to any extent, are the elevated railroads—"L roads" we Knickerbockers call them for short. They travel faster than the new road through Hillsboro to Columbus, and are a commodity the city has become so accustomed to that were they wiped away at once, the public would seem very much lost. They go so fast I always get carried past my stations, and my car fare while in the city, was one of the principal items in my expenditures.

The trip out to Coney Island takes one past several celebrities. Governor's Island—formerly Gen. Hancock's headquarters—and Bedloe's Island are among them. Upon the latter is the unfinished Bartholdi

STATUE OF LIBERTY. Enlightening the world. The pedestal has been long since finished and the frame work of the statue is all up clear to the monster torch that Liberty is going to hold in her strong right hand. Uncompleted as it is, a good idea may be had of the grandeur and magnitude of the structure. Yes, indeed, Liberty enlightens the world!

Further out you pass the threatening guns of Forts Hamilton and Lafayette at the narrows, and all the way to the island there is plenty to look at, but I have systematically forgotten all I intended to remember.

If I recall any of these I will write them for next week. If not, I'll write of the coal regions of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Tramp Printer

In Memory. "Weeping and woe. To-day, of to-morrow how tenderly we know." Oh! ye who have treasures, guard tenderly now; To-morrow, in sorrow, for them you may bow.

When a dear one to us has passed into the Bright Beyond, we grieve about in vain search for something to do, which shall bring to our spirits a sense of duty performed, but after every doing, comes back to the desolated heart, a response, which is but a soulless echo. We know so well of God's will, we fail to understand why one so useful as Mrs. Gussie Hookett should be suddenly snatched away—beautiful in the bloom of womanhood. Pure in nature, honest in purpose, such a life, by its silent testimony presented to us, an example worthy to be treasured in memory.

She came among us but a few short months ago; yet she died not as among strangers. The real and true was a part of her. Her lovely face and way won for her the love and esteem of all who came to know her. She was cultured and intelligent, but modest and retiring. We noted her household virtues; her true devotion to her husband; her patient, idolizing love for her child; her care for her aged parents—realizing her duties as the only child of the invalid mother; her love for her cousin and half-sister—her only kin—her charity for others; and was soon drawn to her by the loving way which drew all with whom she mingled.

Death came in the guise of a deep sleep. No loving words were spoken. The bright eyes that looked so tenderly true to me a few hours before, were closed, pressed more closely by the hand of the strikings husband, passing his hand over the loved face to see if she had truly died from us. The absent one had not been called, so silent had been the coming of the angel. Friends and neighbors were overwhelmed by the dark cloud that rested over the little household. Her life was given to those she loved, faithful and trusting, not forgetful of a higher trust.

BRUTUS

Has Something to Say on the Liquor Question.

A Plea for a County Local Option Law.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" A pertinent question asked by one in your columns of last week, followed by some truthful remarks, that should go home to every candid mind.

What we would like to see "done about it" would be to have a local option law, that each county in the State might have an opportunity of expressing through the ballot box, whether intoxicants shall be sold within the county. Don't confine the law to towns and villages, but give every voter an opportunity to express his sentiments. It is a fundamental principle which underlies our free institutions, and the rock on which our government rests, that the majority have a right to rule, while respecting the rights of the minority.

It is a proposition that none will even dare deny. Yet we as voters have never had a fair opportunity of expressing our will on the sale of intoxicants in our midst. True, we had the privilege of voting on the constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits over the State of Ohio, and a splendid vote was polled, yet it accomplished nothing, only to show what an army of voters in the State were opposed to the rum traffic. Since which time the ostensible opposition to the traffic has degenerated into a crusade of indiscriminate abuse against all but the elect few. We say this in all kindness, for we need all the forces that right, justice, and humanity can enlist under her banner, to arrest and roll back the fearful tide that is carrying down to destruction all that makes life dear "to so many" and endangers all. Why if we can't get all, take nothing; say no, join to turn the monster loose unbridled, to prey upon all community.

The majority will rule. Then why refuse the good we can attain, because we can't dictate to the whole State. Give the army of temperance men that voted for Constitutional prohibition a chance with a local option law, and not more than five counties in the State, but what would put the brand of condemnation on the traffic. Nay more, when that verdict is pronounced, it would not require an army to enforce the decree. Then why not have a local option law by counties in our State. (Over a less extent of territory would not be best.) What party, or what class of men would dare to say, the people have no right to express their sentiments on any question through the ballot box.

Let us demand such a law at the hands of our Legislature. Let us drag the greatest moral question before our people out of the mire of politics, and let every man have a chance to vote his principle, untrammelled by side issues or uninfluenced by any political tie, however old or binding. History should teach us that no amount of personal abuse, no governmental oppression or penalty, can compel an honest man to change his convictions. Such a cause as temperance needs no such weapons to advance its interest or insure its success. Its consummation may seem slow; its success may seem jeopardized, by champions whose fire is imbibed from the ale bottle. Yet Israel groined in bondage four hundred years before deliverance came. The black man of our country groined under the lash for one hundred and forty years before his shackles were broken. But let us labor and pray, that we may soon see the hydra-headed monster, intemperance, sink from our sight as lead in the mighty waters.

BRUTUS. FOREST HOME, Aug. 6th, 1886.

File—All file stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No file after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The churches in Brooklyn number over 300.

A leading restaurant in Sitka is run by a Chinaman named Ah Sow.

"Her features are not regular, yet what an attractive face she has!" It is her beautiful hair. Once it was thin, grayish and falling. A few bottles of Parker's Hair Balsam wrought the transformation. It will do so much for anybody.

The Medical Record speaks of "tactile sensations from a labial surface."

The latest idea is to make the State of Manhattan out of New York City.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Bore, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY Seybert & Co. sept91

The ballet of the Paris Opera comprises 1,027 women and costs \$900,000 a year.

Oregon has this season sent to the Eastern States daily ten car loads of salmon.

"Come out and crack an egg with me," is the way they put it now up in Rhode Island.

The Missouri River is so low that navigation is impracticable beyond Kansas City.

The City Lad.

[The following poem is intended to retaliate for G. H. L.'s effusion on "the farmer boy." "Elmore" should not get too wrathful on this subject. G. H. L. is a farmer boy and knows what he is talking about, and every member of the News-Herald staff enjoys the distinction of having been born in the country. We zealously defend the farmer boy, but "Elmore" exaggerates somewhat in his description of "the city lad."—Ed.]

You can see him when you go to town, On his upper lip is a bunch of down, Like the stubble of a field fresh mown. The city lad.

He makes believe he has the "chink;" He's a millionaire—so you would think. In high-toned shops he takes his drink. The city lad.

He has a lip when'er he talks; He jests at all the country gawks, Their actions and their language mocks. The city lad.

On election day goes to the polls, Votes often, gets with jolly bowls, Who empty scores of hot punch bowls, With the city lad.

When evening comes, he's full of "booze," Dead broke, with reptiles in his shoes, And maybe bunks in the calaboose. The city lad.

He's always speaking of his girls, Their pretty bangs, their charming curls; Or, with the bummers, of his "whirls." The city lad.

He's an ardent lover of the fair; He weareth pompadour his hair; Sometimes is sensible—'tis rare. The city lad.

The girls say, "O! he's such a dandy," He feeds them all on taffy-candy, Except the ones whose hair is sandy. The city lad.

If there's an accident, how he will shout! He's known by all as "a lazy lout," And there's even more I could say about. This city lad. ELMORE.

Study Preserves Health.

Ranke, the German historian, who died recently, was over ninety years of age. He lived and moved and had his being in his study. He rarely went anywhere. He scarcely ever took any exercise. His body had come to be a frame for carrying his mind, which was capable of profitable labor to the last.

Such instances are rare. It is usually necessary for a scholar to preserve his strength by exercise and variety of custom. But, on the other hand, so far from being injurious, the student's—the thinker's occupation tends directly to the support of the bodily life. Now and then when he pursues that occupation in flagrant violation of the laws of nature, as Carlyle did in his youth, he contracts dyspepsia, as did that crabbed philosopher, and suffers from it all his life. But statistics tell us that, in the main, literary people—ministers, whose business is study, have longer lives than any other class of men.

A well furnished mind is a resource to its owner. A well trained mind is a defence. Right and wise training is something infinitely beyond the memorizing of a few interesting facts, or the learning of a little music and a little French or history. It makes the mind at once strong and flexible. It is compared to the uncultivated mind, as the fineness and flexibility of a Damascus blade to common pig iron. The same thickness of pig iron will break and be useless far sooner than the rapier of finely tempered steel. So a mind, yet in the rough, not having learned to bend itself to continued application or pressure, will break and give way—and with it the body—under the strain of life's duties and trials, far sooner than a mind which by long and faithful training has acquired the habit of bending and then regaining its shape without breaking.

One would think, to hear the doctors talk, that all the ills that girls are heirs to, were solely traceable to study. Now I suppose there are really a few girls in the world who have studied too much. But they are so few that it would take a microscope to find them. I have known some thousands of girls and women, in my life, who went to school, and I can now only think of two who were in reality injured by too close application to study, and in one of these cases, it was in great part her habit of sleeping only three or four hours nightly, that did the mischief and unhinged the brain. I never heard that the brain was overworked by its amount of learning. The natural causes of illness of growing girls who go to school are many; as many as to men and women, boys and girls who do not go to school, but who are also frequently ill.

But from the easiness with which everything is set down to study, one might suppose that mental exercise, which is as necessary to well-being as physical activity—was in truth the only thing which could jar the delicate machinery and disturb the health. Every ailment is attributed to study and nothing is said of late hours. Exccessive novel reading, going into general society too young, irregular hours for eating, and the manifold other causes which make study hurtful, which in itself is beneficial to the body as well as to the mind.

Ohio State Fair.

The Thirty-Seventh Annual Ohio State Fair will be held on the New Fair Grounds at the city of Columbus, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, August 30th, 31st, and September 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1886. The State Board of Agriculture is putting forth unusual efforts to make this inaugural exhibition on the new grounds a grand affair, noteworthy in the history of the State. The success that has crowned the efforts of the Board in the past, thus making it necessary and possible to provide and lay out new grounds and erect buildings in every way suited for a grand exposition such as Ohio is able to make, is sufficient guarantee that the coming fair, on the beautiful new grounds, with ample exhibition buildings of modern design, will be fully and handsomely represented in each of the departments of live stock, machinery, implements, farm products, fruits, household and ornamental work, flowers, fine arts, music, etc., and that altogether a magnificent and instructive exhibition will be presented; one that will encourage and promote the general industries of the State, and that shall deserve the support and patronage of all her citizens. On the new grounds, the State Fair will assume the importance of an Exposition and will well be entitled to such prominence.

The premium list has been increased and generally revised to meet the requirements of the present time. This will make competition the more lively, and further warrant a deeper interest by both exhibitors and visitors, and as every animal and article is required to be in place on the first day of the Fair, the interest will begin at the very opening of the gates, and continue during each day of the Fair. There will be, under this rule, no single big day, but every day will be a big one, replete with interest and attractions.

For the speed department, there has been constructed one of the best and fastest half mile tracks in America, with a home-stretch widening to one hundred feet, in front of which has been erected a modern grand stand of a design pleasing and attractive and that will comfortably seat five thousand people. There has been a decidedly new arrangement of premiums and classes in this department while the program is such as to fully occupy the track each day of the fair. On Friday, the last day, there will be a grand parade on the track of all the animals that have been awarded premiums. This will be a feature well worth witnessing, and one that will be especially enjoyed by the lovers of fine stock.

The railways of the State, and especially those centering in Columbus, are alive to the importance of Ohio's great exhibition, and will, during its progress at Columbus, provide numerous cheap and popular excursions, and extend excursion rates on all trains, that the people from every station, village, town and city of the State may be afforded an opportunity to attend. Upon arrival at Columbus, the facilities for reaching the grounds are ample, rapid and cheap. Steam cars will ply between the Union Depot and the grounds every few minutes, landing passengers on the platforms at the entrance gates. In addition to the steam cars, there will be street cars with cariot connections, and the numerous conveyances usual on like occasions.

Purify your blood, tone up the system, and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists.

Of the 300,000 miles of railroad in the world, about one-half are in the United States.

Pains in the small of the back indicate a diseased condition of the liver and kidneys, which may be easily removed by the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

It is said that within a radius of 100 miles around Asheville, N. C., every known mineral can be found.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing power will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty. \$1.00 per bottle. For sale by Seybert & Co.

The prize of a gold watch, offered by a Gold Flat, (Cal.) school teacher to "the pupil who could refrain from all unnecessary talk during school hours for a period of one year," has been awarded to one of the gentler sex.

Indigestion results from a partial paralysis of the stomach, and is the primary cause of a very large majority of the ills that humanity is heir to. The most agreeable and effective remedy is Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 25 cents a vial. For sale by Seybert & Co.

The highest birth rate in the United States is in the South. In Louisiana there are 148 children born each year to every 1,000 women of child bearing age, 156 in Georgia and 187 in Texas. In New England the rate is 82; in the West about 122.

Consumption Cured. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Norman, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. To-day!

HIGHLAND'S FAIR,

And the Brave and Fair in Attendance.

The Best Show of the Kind Ever Exhibited in the County.

Fast Races, Fine Horses, Lots of Fakirs and a Magnificent Display in Every Department.

Hillsboro were a fairly look all last week. There were blind fiddlers on the public square, pop-corn and ice-cream stands in the court house yard, "babies" to throw at on the corner of Short street and people, people everywhere. Livestock were brim full. Amid the rattling of wheels and the bellowing of hack-drivers we went rumbling out to the center of attraction on the Fair Grounds. Dust rose in clouds behind us and people gathered in crowds before us. The people were in the dust and very presumably there was dust in the people.

As early as Wednesday evening one could safely predict the success of the fair of '86. Such a display of fine stock in every department, such satisfactory racing and so large an attendance have seldom, if ever, been seen on the Hillsboro Fair Ground.

"It's as good as the State Fair," remarked a countryman under a broad-brimmed hat, as he sat watching with interest the graceful movements of Lady de Jarnette, under the reins of her skillful driver. So beautiful is the appearance of this famous mare that the Committee on Light Harness awarded her the first premium after a few seconds of deliberation Thursday afternoon.

"Wonder why the Fair Board don't have these seats cushioned with plush?" queried a weary looking man wearing grizzled side-whiskers and a frown. There was no response, but a dozen people looked at him approvingly, as if he had voiced the problem that was perplexing them. Sitting on the soft side of an oak plank, with an ugly woman's parasol gouging a hole in the small of your back and swallowing mud powders at short intervals does not rank high in the scale as a pleasant pastime.

The races of Wednesday afternoon were exciting on account of the number of horses in the ring and also of the closeness with which each heat was contested. A 2:45 trot and pace, mixed, was first on the program, three minute trot, second, and a running race of a mile dash, third.

The 2:45 trot and pace ended with the following result:

Charles Reed	7 3 7
Emma H.	3 1
Dr. W.	4 0 8
Jim Patterson	3 6 4
Robert E.	5 2 1
Billy Mack	2 8 6
Transfer	1 1 1
Frank Champ	d
Sam Hazard	d
Black Diamond	7 5
Alt Curry	6 4 3

Time: 2:33; 2:31; 2:37.

"Do you see that horse down there?" said a horseman, as the jockeys were scoring for a start in the 3:00 trot.

"You mean Frank M.?"

"Yes—that horse trotted a mile in 2:13 on the fourth of July, and then his driver was arrested and the horse was taken to the stable to stand hungry for several hours."

"Where does that band come from?" asked the man on our left.

"South Salem."

"Thought it was the Sixth Regiment Band."

"Yes, that sounds better than to say 'the South Salem band.'"

"Well, I'll be darn if they don't make some nice music."

Many of the boys are beardless, but that doesn't seem to hinder them from blowing melody out of a horn. They did much to drive away the monotony which always hovers round a fair ground.

Following is the result of the 3:00 trot:

Zanobia	4 6 5
Frank M.	10 9 10
Alce Rose	5 8 4
Norris	9 7 1
Butcher Boy	8 8
Willie Brise	7 2 3
Odile	2 4 2
Indie	3 7
Indie Ball	11 d
Alce West	d
Andy C.	9 5 9
Prize	6 3 6

Time: 2:39; 2:40; 2:43.

Before a fair start could be gotten in the running race, Lady McCann, a pretty but vicious little mare, manifested an intention to murder her rider and finally succeeded in running him against the fence and bruising his leg. But another rider was found, who was able to control her and the race proceeded. Notwithstanding her friskiness she came up as rear guard at the conclusion of the dash.

RESULT OF RUNNING RACE.

Ella Fisher	1
Clarence H.	10
Lady McCann	9

Time: 1:48.

Thursday witnessed the amphitheatre so closely packed that standing room was scarce and masses were frequent. In the forenoon draft horses were shown in the quarter stretch and some excellent animals were exhibited in competition. In the morning in the time to go round and look in the cattle-pens, view the floral hall, see the battle of Gettysburg, and all the big and little shows, shoot at the targets and spend your spare on whirling wheels if you

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